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DON COBLERO

OR,

The MOCK BARON.

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DON COBLERO:

OR, THE

MOCK BARON.

A

BURLESQUE POEM.

EX QUOVIS LIGNO NON FIT MERCURIUS.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by Mrs. HINXMAN, at the Globe in *Pater-noster-Row*; Messrs. FLETCHER and HODSON, at the New Printing-Office on the Market-Hill in *Cambridge*; Mr. HOLLINWORTH and Son, at *Lynn*; Mr. THOMAS ALLEN, in *Spalding*; Mr. JOHN THORPE, in *Market-Deeping*; Mr. E. NOTT, at *Stamford*; Mr. ROSE, at *Lincoln*; Mr. BARTON, at *Spilsby*; Mr. STREETON, at *Grantham*; and Mr. WORLEY, at *Boston*.

M, DCC, LXIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

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D.

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TO
The READER.

AS it was not thro' vanity, or any particular prejudice that I attempted to burleſque DON COBLERO *in the following pages; but merely to fill up a vacant hour, (when the duty of my calling, and other unavoidable circumſtances admitted a ſuitable opportunity). If therefore the reader ſhou'd meet with entertainment from any ſtrokes of humour thrown out on the occaſion; as ſuch in no reſpect deſignedly glance at any individual (either in the reciprocal character, or any other therein deſcrib'd) So I flatter myſelf that ſuch innoffenſive railery will in ſome meaſure attone for any impropriety, or other ludicrous ſallies and defects of a Juvinile Muſe; in aſſurance of which, I ſubſcribe myſelf the reader's moſt humble ſervant,*

F. J.

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DON COBLERO:

OR, THE

MOCK BARON.

The ARGUMENT.

The former part gives true relation
Of low, and elevated ſtation;
Tranſactions rare compoſe the middle,
And various characters unriddle:
With flights of fancy, lies and travels;
The bard concludes, the whole unravels:
Then courteous Reader liſten to it,
Nor criticize, but ſpare the Poet.

A Quondam knight, diſtinguiſh'd hero,
Whom now the Muſe ſtyles Don Coblero;
The doughty baron, lord of Soak,
With all deference be it ſpoke
By Fate's award, demiſe of grannum,
Of late, fell thirty pounds per annum:

But

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But of the livery and seisin,
The Muse declines all further * leasing,
And waves the point with solid reason.

Since first, 'tis fit to give relation,
Of birth, his learning, education;
From thence by steps to trace the hero,
From vulgar Cob, to Don Coblero.

Imprimis, then let none upbraid,
(Tho' probably it may be said)
That Cob was but obscurely bred,
Yet shew'd those sparks in childish days,
Which future years produc'd in blaze:
Observe this maxim, high or low,
That boys are men in embryo.—

Now Cob most certain, on the whole
Was form'd with great, elated soul;
On fancy's wing deem'd self a great man,
A poet, connoisseur, and statesman:
In every thing exceeding flighty,
From poor distress'd, to high and mighty:

* Obsolete word for lying.

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Was call'd by ſome a boy of ſenſe,
Purſuing verb thro' mood and tenſe;
Cou'd ſing a catch, give repartee,
Repeat in As, Prop. and Quæ Ge.;
Define annuities, amounts,
Both write a hand, and caſt accounts.
At eighteen years turn'd Renegado,
Had taſted Knout and Baſtinado;
Avoided always old or new rope,
Tho' flogg'd in diff'rent parts of Europe.
His ſpirits rais'd with mirth or ſtingo,
Produc'd an oath in ev'ry * lingo,
Or Votre Santè, but what more ſtrange is,
Talk'd ribaldry from Thames to Ganges;
Preſerv'd near fifty grand receipts,
For b—o-, ſ—k—r, or the g——ts;
Diſcours'd of feats by land and water
In foreign tongue, or Ruſſian ſmatter;
Spaniſh, Dutch, both high and nether,
Match for Hugh and Ralph together:

* Language.

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That Spain had now confer'd upon him,
A favour, which in time wou'd Don him;
This declaration of the hero
Produc'd the nick-name Don Coblero.
Returning now from fav'rite tour,
Ten times more vicious than before;
Rejecting virtues, vices gleaning,
O fashionable * boobykining!
His worth intrinsick, thus reveal'd
A miracle! and yet conceal'd;
Despis'd, dishonour'd, disregarded,
Unknown, unnotic'd, unrewarded.—
" From false conceptions of the brain,
" We ape, project, and strive in vain;
" But high the genius ne'er can rise,
" If nature's aid the gift denies."
The Hero now in mind distress'd,
With poverty aed hunger press'd:
The calls of nature still increasing,
To live,—exist was almost ceasing:

* Vid. OLD WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, Journey to Paris.

Whence

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Whence pumping wits, he ſchem'd device,
To poiſon rats—and trap the mice,
So ſtraight commenc'd great undertaker,
A vermin ſlay'r, a mouſe-trap maker;
Then wore for badge, a coat of ermine,
The fur of rats and other vermin;
Whence ſeldom gueſs'd for lord or ſtateſman,
But complimented Seignior Baits-man.
Young Timothy his orders waited,
In arts to be initiated;
Or terms yet plainer my intent is,
To ſignify that Tim was 'prentice.
No ſooner's Cob of lands poſſeſs'd,
Than Tim muſt be like footman dreſt,
In livery, tho' of ſmall expence,
For what's the ſum of fifteen pence?
Which ſuit by moſt, 'tis now agreed,
Was ſtolen from corps of invalid;
Some few indeed will have it high born,
In line direct from famous Tyburn.

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Be this as 'twill the grateful donor,
Invelopes Tim in badge of honour:
Who now appears no paltry fellow,
In cloth of red, fac'd up with yellow;
Did I say red; 'twas rather blue,
Or mixture of a peas-bloom hue;
By folds superfluous, useless stitches,
'Twou'd make him waistcoat, coat and breeches;
Says Timothy, this coat I doubt,
Wants taking in, not letting out;
Coblero then severely wrangled,
Declares the liv'ry shan't be mangled;
Poor Tim thus cas'd, appear'd as stark as
A walking-coat in search of carcase.—
Now quitting Timothy and dress,
Again Coblero takes his place;
Who orders man to pack up luggage,
For country journey, bag and baggage;
I must, quoth he, go visit manour,
According to the will of donor;

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And there discharge the duty, oh!
Incumbent on the heir at law.
Come now my boy, let's post accompts,
And see to what my cash amounts;
A journey fifty miles from hence,
Must run me to a great expence:
A paltry fellow, boor or hog,
With ease might reach th' estate incog;
But my importance may be guess'd,
By you my boy, like footman dress't.
Then answer'd Tim, to balance even,
Your cash and bills are one pound seven,
'Tis no great sum to take abroad,
But must we trap upon the road?
How trap, thou fool? detested word,
How grates the sound on ear of lord;
And further, look to't at your peril,
You ever mention rat or * squirrel;
Or that I e'er was undertaker,
To poison rats—turn'd mouse-trap maker;

* The Hero hunted squirrels.

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Or that my honour ever were
Of any ſort artificer.
From hence you muſt at every word,
Addreſs me thus, my Lord, my Lord.—
" What motive is it, ſhame or pride?
" That guards with care the weaker ſide,
" No matter, take this admonition,
" Too much concern creates ſuſpicion;
" Suſpicion, whether wrong or right,
" Scarce bears the teſt of publick ſight."
I now beg leave for ſmall digreſs,
To explicate Coblero's dreſs,
Whoſe hat appear'd an eagle colour,
And truly crimp'd from Kevenhuller;
The corners too ſeverely fluted,
With obtuſe angles, or accuted;
And cut thro' crown in ſuch direction,
As nearly prov'd a conic ſection;
Beneath this hat a monſtrous wig,
With an intention to look big;

The

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The tail whereof, tho' ſomewhat ſhrunk,
Reach'd nearly down to breech, or trunk:
When hat upon his head took place,
In profile then you view'd the face:
To give a clearer demonſtration,
The right orb ſuffer'd occultation;
The left did well this loſs repair,
As doubly fierce it ſeem'd to glare;
His noſe from hat, 'twould make you laugh,
Was variation, point and half;
His head quite cas'd with wig and great hat,
Save an aperture juſt to eat at.
His Sunday-coat, ſurnam'd le Grand,
(A ſtrange Surtout of foreign land)
Cob ſaid, amongſt the Portugueſe
'Twou'd fetch him near a thouſand Reas.
A ruffl'd ſhirt, with other rags,
Compos'd two bundles, call'd his bags.—
His perſon next: to take in all
From vertex down to pedeſtal;

Was

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Was neither thickeſt or the ſmalleſt,
Nor yet the loweſt, or the talleſt,
Since he cou'd meaſure at a pinch,
Juſt five feet nothing to an inch;
But not to try your patience further,
His body ſeem'd of Tuſcan order.—
The arms, offending and defenſive,
Declare we next, tho' not expenſive:
A ſword he wore, not richly furniſh'd,
'Twas neither very ſharp, or burniſh'd;
The edge took up ſome time in finding,
And nearly half a day in grinding;
Then wrote, to ſhew 'twou'd cut or ſtab hard,
Memento mori on its ſcabbard,
Yet ne'er deſign'd to ſlaſh or gore 'em,
But plac'd the motto in Terrorem:
For ſwords of late are wore ſo common,
'Tis hard to ſay by man, or no man:
Braggado, as a badge of ſtrength,
Wears hanger of enormous length;

Defines

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Defines it no unlawful weapon,
The moral's this, a ſpitted capon;
So vice verſa, take my word,
The ſword wears brag, not brag the ſword.
Leſt this diſcourſe be out of joint,
Return we to our former point.
Coblero bought whip, ſpur, and boot,
To ſeem a horſeman, tho' on foot;
Deception forms in each degree,
Appearance for reality:
But what reſulted from it moſt,
The horſeman is prefer'd by hoſt;
And if to hoſt there ſeem'd pretence,
His horſe fell lame a mile from thence.
In this decorum on they travel,
Till both were tir'd back and navel,
Yet Tim was forc'd to put beſt fare on,
Leſt he ſhould diſoblige the baron:
Whoſe courage not the leaſt forſook him,
You might have for a Stoic took him;

Quoth

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Quoth he, my valour naught diſguiſes,
The more depreſt, the higher't riſes:
His footman quite of different nature,
All courage loſt through wind and water,
Which copiouſly had dows'd 'em both,
The footman Tim by too much cloth
Had certainly without great care,
Seen upper region of the air.
Now if he'd but poſſeſs'd that ſpace,
Then might the aſtronomic race;
Declare him equal to the ſight,
Of famous Sydrophelic Kite:
The Baron's caſe appear'd much worſe,
Abus'd by centripetal force.
The wind was huſh'd, the weather fair,
The ſky appear'd ſerene and clear;
Coblero ſpoke, adieu all hardſhip,
'Tis juſt a mile from my own Lordſhip;
At this the footman's ſpirits nettle,
Declar'd himſelf caſe harden'd metal.

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What glory's here for you and me,
What muſt your tenants think at we?
This reach'd by chance the Baron's ear,
Quoth he the honour, which you wear,
Belongs to me, thy Lord's perfection,
Gleams only on thee by reflection;
The borrow'd luſtre, thou haſt on,
All flows from me, another ſun;
A moon thou art, compar'd with me,
An opaque orb, dark Timothy.
Now whilſt each reſt their bones on ſtile,
To eaſe their joints and breath awhile:
Take this deſcription of the place,
Some call't a common, ſome a chace.
Eleven houſes juſt are found,
Within the ſpace of eight miles round,
To this eſtate, he's legal heir
Thro' grandpapa, the foreſter.
Returning now to Don Coblero,
The mighty, hardy, daring hero;

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In ſilence now had paſs'd an hour,
As tho' to ſpeak he wanted power;
This Lord, in things of darkeſt nature,
Wou'd pull off ſhoe, untie a garter,
Then raiſe his front, like Naze or headland,
With hills and flats as rough as Sweedland;
'Twas then the hero wou'd impart,
The dark receſſes of his heart:
Go boy, ſays he, go carry word
To tenants, that approaching Lord
Demands their preſence, that no damage
May take effect, thro' want of homage:
Thus full commiſſion'd Tim advances,
To ſummon firſt the tenant Francis;
From thence about a mile muſt wander,
To cite the vaſſel, Caleb Saunder:
But to inſiſt on names no further,
He convocates the reſt in order.
Here Tim to tenants gave relation,
Of Lord's ſublime, exalted ſtation:

Yet

Yet in deſcription over nice,
By thoughtleſs hints of trapping mice.
" Obſerve from hence 'tis paſt all arts,
" To make him ſhine who has no parts:
" A duck returns to proper * Gens,
" Tho' hatch'd by turkey, geeſe or hens;
" From verge of pond, with anxious chuck,
" The hen ſolicits wand'ring duck;
" In vain ſhe ſpends each fleeting hour,
" To rob dame Nature of her power:
" So knaves and villains in what ſphere,
" Or character they chuſe t'appear,
" Will in effect deceive and rob,
" Raſcality's their primum mob.
" In my opinion, to be brief,
" A thief will always be a theif."
Let's now look back on ſimple Tim,
With loyal tenants thronging him,
Who by his Lordſhip, 'tis believ'd,
Were all moſt courteouſly receiv'd.

* Species.

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To paint exact no mortal can,
With what a grace Cob led the van,
The footman also did appear,
Exceeding grand, and clos'd the rear;
His Lordship cries cam on dependents,
I speak to you my worthy tenants;
With flourish then claps hand on sword;
Some minutes pass'd before a word:
To this effect, at length he spoke,
What think you of your Lord of Soak?
I'm cam'd to Court, as one may say;
And like o'that, shall fix the day:
The greeting o'er, the Lord at leisure,
Thus deign'd to signify his pleasure;
My lads, says he, I think 'tis meet,
To hold Court-baron and Court-leet;
Which yet at present I adjourn,
Till ten o'clock to-morrow morn.
The morning come, his Lordship rises
And thus in bed poor Tim surprizes,

I under

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I underſtand thou haſt not ſlept ill,
Somniferous dog, thou dormant reptile;
Ariſe, my tenants wait below,
You know it well, I tell you ſo.
Now ſeats prepar'd for tenants ſitting
On planks or chairs, as Lord thought fitting;
" L—ds are regardleſs what they bench on,
" If cuſhion'd well with P—t or P———n."
But for himſelf had thus projected,
To have a bench of ſtate erected;
His reaſon this, quoth he, were no man's,
Unleſs we copy ancient Romans.
O fatal change! a diff'rent ſcene,
'Twas more thro' impudence than ſpleen;
The ſtranger Sly, by odd illuſion,
Involv'd the court in great confuſion;
For as his Ratſhip was elated,
And in his chair of ſtate inſtated,
Says Sly, he ſembles, by my ſoul,
The bear that's whirl'd about the Pole;

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No ſooner ſpoke than one with care,
Safe brings it to the Baron's ear;
Who conſcious of his lordly figure,
Almoſt dethron'd himſelf with vigour:
With fiery eyes and ſtomach full,
Erects the ſuburbs of his ſkull,
Shakes ſenſeleſs head with greater rage,
Than Bajazet at iron cage;
But hark, ſays he, the fellow ſpoke,
Too freely of a Lord of Soak;
Was he my equal, on my word,
I'd juſtice have at point of ſword;
'Tis I the flame, 'tis he the fewel,
Behold the ſcabbard, will you duel?
Thus fir'd with wrath, the Baron ſwears,
He'll try him by his Brother-Peers;
Condemn him inſtantly before him,
By ſcandal Magnus magnororum:
Odz—ns, ſays Frank, my Lord's no dullard,
He is a ſtrange, moſt nation ſcholard.

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The Baron cries illiterate whelp,
What's Alfa, Beſa, Gramma, Delp,
Can hobs contend with men of knowledge,
Or logic chop, like us at college?
The ſtranger now who court diſturb'd,
By ſword and learning thus was curb'd;
Now after pithy ſhort oration,
The Lord commands the proclamation,
Therein relate my titles, honour,
As Lord alone in this my manour;
Then Tim proclaims with thrice O yes,
This is my maſter, that it is;
My Lordſhip-maſter, now's not that man,
Which once he was, when Cob the rat-man.
O Lord, my Maſter! rat! my Lord!
Have mercy on me! mouſe! that word;
At which the Baron in fell rage,
Drove Tim the bailiff off the ſtage;
Internally was ſtruck with thunder,
At footman Tim's enormous blunder;

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Thus was the hero's downy plumage,
Pluck'd off, on pinnacle of homage;
Alas the good, the great, the brave,
Muſt weather many a ſtormy wave;
The Lydian King misfortunes ſtole on,
Remark the exclamation Solon!
The Barons uſe't on all occaſions,
Invented excellent evaſions;
Now inſtantly diſmiſs'd the court
In pretty manner, modeſt ſort;
Obſerve the purport of diſmiſſion,
Without ſubſtraction or addition;
Since 'tis allow'd, as I was thinking,
Reſpect improves by ſocial drinking;
So now obſerve, I know 'twill pleaſe ye,
From ſuit and ſervice, I releaſe ye:
Bring, bring a bowl, with pipes and glaſſes,
I pray you tenants keep your places;
Such poſts you know are mine to give,
The Baron's ſole prerogative.

A bowl

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A bowl was brought of beſt French brandy,
'Twas fit for Baron, Count, or Grandee;
The apparatus thus before 'em,
In neateſt order and decorum;
The Baron ſtrokes his chin or dewlap,
Then drinks a health of cordial julep;
Come tenant Francis, to your health,
Succeſs, proſperity, and wealth;
Have free acceſs, lo I command
A place for thee, at my right hand;
Now Francis, of that ſov'reign greaſe,
Had palm'd his hand with half a piece:
" Money's the modern Delphic oracle,
" Pronouncing anſwers to a miracle;
" How many votaries adore,
" Its ſtrange effect, or ſovereign pow'r,
" Real merit either good, or worſe is,
" By gravity ſpecific purſes."
We'll now reſume our former ſtory,
With Lord on fir deal ſeat of glory;

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And Francis next his Lord in power,
In conſequence but one ſtep lower:
Both Lord and tenants fluſh'd with liquor,
Begin to move their organs quicker:
Old Frank in raptures, on a ſudden,
Cries Lord, thou art a nation good one;
Your perſon's dreadful to behold,
And ſword appears moſt nation bold.
Says Saunder, juſt to curry favour,
Thou art ſo mortal full of glaver;
My Lord's too wiſe, he does not need it,
Thy mortal tongue, can aught exceed it?
Stop, quoth the Lord, 'tis time I ſee
To interpoſe authority;
Were each like me a man of parts,
Companion of the lib'ral arts:
With riches, title, birth and honour,
A Spaniſh Don, a Lord of Manor,
And like o'that, with ſmall obeiſance,
You might uſe freedom in my preſence:

What

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What tho' from ſervice you'r exempt,
Yet too much freedom breeds contempt;
Obſerve and mark, ſays tenant Francis,
'Tis nation true what Lord advances.
This ſycophant, t'appear more civil,
Had made his neck a perfect ſwivel,
Which way the Baron, he inclin'd.
Like weathercock at every wind;
Still veer'd about as Lord wou'd have it,
Or as the Baron's breath wou'd give it;
Motion or reſt, 'twas a ſcore,
He d—mn'd when e'er the Baron ſwore.
" How ſhocking muſt his caſe appear,
" Who riſques his ſoul thro' flaviſh fear;
" Or does it intereſt e'er advance,
" To looſe the ſoul thro' complaiſance?
" May honeſty's internal ſpark,
" That beauteous glow-worm in the dark;
" Teach nobler ſouls to cenſure freely.
" Vice, or in rags, or cloth'd genteely."

The

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The Baron now with punch inſpir'd,
Is with a ſtream of learning fir'd;
Declares, if they have but diſcerning,
He'll have a knock, at Claſſic learning.
Obſerve, ſays he, when quite a boy,
I read at ſchool the ſiege of Troy;
'Twas, as my author's there report,
Much ſtronger than * St. Philip's fort:
Ten times more cannon were employ'd,
Before its towers were deſtroy'd;
My great grandfather I'll aver,
Was commodore of men of war;
And as ‡ Joſephus tells the ſtory,
'Twas he reduc'd the caſtle Glory:
And alſo made the proverb good,
That corn now grows where Troy once ſtood.
Says Sly, did Joſeph Homer ſing,
That fort defender's name was B——?
The Baron ſwears naught can be ruder,
Than this ungrateful, vile intruder;

* In Minorca. ‡ Jewiſh Hiſtorian.

He's

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He's been from end to end you see,
Abuser of my clemency:
The scoundrel talks he knows not what,
Pallee voo Frauncee, take you that.
Ods lud, says Frank, I swear and vow,
You've dealt the fool a nation blow;
'Tis plain, cry'd Frank, to be discerned,
Your Lordship is most mortal learned;
These high encomiums rais'd his valour,
Tho' nearly sour'd into cholar;
Erect then stands without a word,
With dreadful curve claps hand on sword;
Breaks silence thus, my old acquaintance,
What troops have we brought to repentance:
With thee in hand, what numbers slain,
With thee thro' corp cut lane and lane;
Bewilder'd thus in dreadful wars,
Quoth he, I'm shaking hands with Mars.
I've read the various acts and lives,
Of all the heathen Gods and wives;

Left

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Leſt catalogue your thoughts bewilder,
Obſerve, I take in all their childre;
Whoſe diff'rent volumes great and ſmall,
Wou'd fill each room in Burleigh-hall:
He now attempts the murd'ring ſaw,
From deathly ſheath to lug or draw;
Lo! ſharp conteſt 'twixt ſword and maſter,
(Concomitant with foul diſaſter)
The point thro' ſtruggle caught a board,
And quite dethron'd the mouſe-trap Lord.
In this ignoble grov'ling ſtate,
The punch began to operate;
And met not with the leaſt obſtruction,
In circulation or refluction.
In confuſion, ſome kept urging
'Twas proper Lord ſhou'd have a Surgeon,
And thence concluding, all agree
To fetch old Crambo Recipe;
Who, as he dwelt at no great diſtance,
Came inſtantly to Lord's aſſiſtance:

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The moment Cram ſaw Baron's face,
I underſtand your ſhocking caſe;
Strip off the ſleeve, you muſt be bled man,
Or in a moment your'e a dead man:
Thoſe pains acute which thus your back teaze,
Spring from contorſions of the Lactes.
From dreadful ſymptoms of the Colon,
I greatly fear 'tis not a whole one.
But oh! aſtoniſhing Imago,
The Enſiformis Cartilago:
Has diſengag'd itſelf from Sternum,
'Tis ipſo facto, I diſcern 'em.
A ſovereign antidote I'll get,
The never-failing Crocus Met:
The Recipe of general uſe is,
For outward cuts and inward bruiſes:
It helps degeſtion, forces gravel,
Contuſions heal, aſſiſts in travail:
Reduces fractures, diſlocations,
Prevents all acid eructations.

'Tis,

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'Tis mine, I ſay, beware of cheats,
Be cautious pray, of counterfeits.
I wiſh both houſes cou'd be brought,
To take it into ſerious thought;
A fine ſevere, or heavy tax,
On falſe phyſicians, ſtrolling quacks:
Thoſe d—d impoſtors ſome prefer
To me, a Doctor regular.
Who ne'er in life with me cou'd read,
With me, and my own couſin Mead:
In this ſort ended Cram's diſcourſe,
Accented with vehement force.—
We'll now return to Sly the ſtranger,
Who judg'd himſelf not out of danger;
In this diſtracted hurly burly,
He judg'd the hoblings might turn ſurly;
Then call'd aſide to ſilver lecture,
Old Saunder, Frank, and Cram the doctor;
The bait had its deſired ends,
Then all proteſt to be his friends;

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He now returns with ſuppliant tone,
Entreats for what is paſt and done;
Confeſs'd, his tongue had been provoking
But the Lord had deem'd it joaking.
From this and other ſuch behav'or,
The ſtranger is reſtor'd to favour.—
Now, quitting Sly, we go to Lordſhip,
Whoſe fortitude ſurmounts all hardſhip;
No ſpark of courage, he had loſt,
But ſeem'd with valour reinforc'd;
For batter'd corps he did not care,
Tho' bruis'd as ſmall as potted hare;
Or was his body full of ſlaſhes,
And hack'd like roaſted pork with gaſhes,
He'd freely undergo the torture,
To die in honour's bed a martyr:
Then ſtrait leap'd up amongſt 'em all,
Says he, I'm greater by my fall:
That all the miſchief he'd receiv'd
Was but a tooth loſt, he believ'd.

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Then with addreſs, deportment great,
Replac'd himſelf on bench of ſtate,
With Saunder, Frank, and ſo, and ſo,
Yea, ev'ry part in ſtatu quo.
With accent grand, my Lord then ſaid,
'Stronomic lectures I have read;
On Newton's and Copernic ſyſtem,
From whence I judg'd ſome planets miſs'd 'em,
But reach the chalk, you know time ſlips,
I'll give the Type of an eclipſe:
Obſerve me here this crooked circle,
In which the fiery planets ſparkle;
Shall repreſent the diff'rent faces,
Of moon eclips'd in all her caſes;
Be careful, Sirs, leſt I entangles
Your unlearn'd heads with lines and angles;
This pointed dash which joins the center,
Directs, lunicular ſhadows enter:
The ſun's great diſh, with light ſuperior,
Puts out the moonal light inferior:

Reply'd

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Reply'd old Frank, if not too buſy,
A point their is not mortal eaſy;
The caſe is this, or this the caſe is,
What gives the diff'rent forms and faces;
She's ſometimes whole, at others chopt,
Or rather as a turnep ſcoop'd;
His Lordſhip anſwer'd lo! between us
And other planets ſhines fair Venus,
Fair Venus ſhines (ham) other ſhining,
The like o'that, 'tis hard defining;
Yet when the moon appears moſt hollow,
From demonſtration it muſt follow;
Moſt certainly ſhe's paſt the full,
For 'tis obſerv'd, that notch or hole,
Will ſoon fill up, or cloſe up ſoon,
With moony junior, or new moon:
Frank ſhook his head, and ſaid good lack,
You'd make a mortal almanack:
Reply'd the Baron, I'll aver,
I was begot aſtronomer;

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And near ally'd, I dare engage,
To th' greateſt of the preſent age;
As Hally, Keil, above a dozen,
Sir Iſaac was my ſecond couſin.
Now all this learning I rehearſe,
I can with eaſe tranſlate to verſe,
With greateſt eaſe, you've heard, I hope,
Of uncle Swift, godfather Pope.
Now quitting all thoſe flights politic,
I'll change the ſubject to poetic;
Upon my honour, I declare,
We ſhall have either peace or war,
But which, or both, is known to no man,
I ſaw a raven, no good omen;
His flight was near my boy and me,
Then perch'd himſelf upon a tree;
He plum'd his wings, and whet his beak,
And thought of war, cou'd he but ſpeak.
Had Empreſs Queen, and King of Poland,
Their kingdoms in the States of Holland;

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The Dutch no longer, wou'd be Dutchmen
But Empreſs Queen-men, Poles and ſuch men.
Now cou'd a proper plan be hit on,
To lay a bridge from France to Britain;
We then might ride, 'tis very plain,
Thro' Denmark, Ruſſia, France and Spain,
Or drive an inland Trade * Chine,
Which anſwer wou'd extremely fine;
This ſpoke, a mouſe, approaching near,
To Timothy, the bailiff there;
He in a twink ſprung from his ſeat,
Quite croſs the room, above ſix feet,
In frantic tone, made frantick noiſe on,
For Godſake, Maſter, trap, or poiſon;
My blood is quite in boiling flame, ſir,
A mouſe, a mouſe, a rat, here's game, ſir!
With ſudden jerk, did next diſable,
The punch-bowl, glaſſes, pipes and table.
Offended next with furious twank
The ſhin of Lord, the noſe of Frank.

* For China.

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Demoliſh'd then a chair or ſeat,
To fix himſelf at rat's retreat;
Plac'd noſe to hole, his fingers catching,
In attitude of cat, mouſe watching:
Thoſe antic geſtures mirth afford,
To all there preſent, except Lord,
Who ſwears, demands on what pretence,
The fool can have to common ſenſe;
Then ſent him off with utmoſt force
The bailiff Tim, with kick on a—ſe.
In this ſame inſtant came off journey,
Old Nov'rint Snap, the Lord's attorney;
Whoſe very looks, ſhew'd law had lodgment,
Within that ſkull of bond and judgment;
Yea, ev'ry lineament or feature.
Declar'd he was a lawful creature.
Had you but ſeen the courteous greeting,
Or compliments that paſs'd at meeting!
His Lordſhip roſe from ſeat of grandeur,
With head awry like Alexander.

The

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The Baron ſmil'd, old Snap look'd big,
In a full-bottom'd curious wig
With greateſt freedom and reſpect,
His Lordſhip ſpoke to this effect;
As one may ſay, and ſay it true,
How does my fav'rite Council do?
What news from Town, what fun or ſport,
How fare my brethren, how the Court?
Does South-Sea ſtock, or riſe or fall,
Is law briſk at Weſtminſter-hall;
Law, by the z—ns, ſays Snap, alas!
Our trade is at the d——ſt paſs,
It e'er has been theſe twenty years,
We ſuck our paws like Greenland bears;
The Town's ſo curſed juſt and civil,
There's no occaſion for a devil;
Of fleſh I've had ſo great a loſs,
My ſkin is ready to ingroſs;
All kind of buſineſs in the nation,
Is chang'd into one curs'd vacation;

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I think the devil's drawn a bond,
To place me in a ſinking fund;
In pocket now and then I cram,
A ſpurious, curſed Birmingham;
I've nothing elſe wherewith to ſtock it,
Old Sterling's out-law'd from my pocket;
Beſides, I have, to let you know't,
By Dead-pledge, loſt my Sunday-coat.
His Lordſhip much confus'd appear'd,
When he this ſnappiſh tale had heard;
Entreats his Snapſhip to ſit down,
And tips his hand with half a crown;
With meat and drink then well refreſh'd,
The vacant paunch of hungry gueſt.
Aſide entreats to mind each word,
As he there perſonated Lord.
Old Nov'rint gave his free conſent,
What e'er he pleas'd, might repreſent;
Might perſonate with licence full,
A Beglerbeg, or great Mogul.

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The Baron now on bench replac'd,
A part whereof friend Nov'rint grac'd:
Who begs he'll not thro' inadvertance,
Poſtpone the buſineſs of importance.
I've made the rolls as you decreed,
Here take 'em now, my Lord, and read.
The Baron ſtar'd at ev'ry word,
As tho' to read, thro' two inch board;
A minute paſs'd, or rather better,
Before he made out word or letter;
Then to his tenants ſternly cries,
Have any here your glazen eyes;
Thro' thoſe, then view'd each line or word
As mice are, by Minerva's bird,
His face turn'd round, then down and up,
From ſide to ſide, from foot to top;
Says he, thoſe glaſſes (curs'd) provoke us,
Ods ratſkins, I can't find the focus;
It ſeems my eyes arn't very ſtrong,
Or elſe the glaſſes are too young.

Not

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Not ſo, ſays Crambo, not the glaſſes,
From diff'rent motive, this the caſe is;
The fall you've caught, it has, I'll venture,
Shook oc'lar ſyſtem to its centre;
Obſtructed viſion, or the fire is,
Extinct in Pupil, or in Iris,
Then objects muſt appear confus'd,
If proper remedies ben't us'd:
This med'cine I prefer to all,
(My Noſtrum Occuliſtical)
A thouſand, thouſand times before 'em;
The ſov'reign Crocus Metallorum,
Bound upon eye-lids over night,
Per Corpus meum you'll have ſight.—
Th' Attorney, after proper pauſe,
Obſerv'd there might perhaps be flaws,
'Twas needful therefore for a clauſe.
I know, ſays Snap, as well as you, ſir,
Non ſum formatus, is my due, ſir,
It's Term-time here, which I will ſee to,
Therefore, Dr. cave, caveto.

Impri-

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Imprimis therefore, item, legit?
Non ſum culpabilis clauſum fregit.
This now became a deviliſh joint,
So ſtiffly each maintain'd his point:
Their looks ſo fierce enough to fell 'em,
Artillery was drugs and vellum.
The Baron ſwore he fear'd a phthiſic,
Betwixt thoſe Dons of law and phyſic:
Nor judg'd he which was right or wrong,
Entreats 'em each to hold his tongue,
Immediately the Court is mute,
Both Snap and Crambo, end diſpute.
Attention gave to ev'ry word,
Proceeding from the mouth of Lord;
Which he deliver'd through his throttle,
As ale decants through neck of bottle?
If lie came up he ſeem'd to frown,
Then gave a gulp to keep it down:
His Lordſhip now return'd the paper
To Snap, which made him dance and caper,

With

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With wig half off, and voice elate,
Spoke ev'ry word legitimate:
Pronounc'd it little leſs than treaſon,
To doubt the livery and ſeaſin;
That inſtrument had now confirm'd him,
Their Lord Permounto as they term'd him,
And whoſoever was the firſt,
To diſobey, wou'd be amerc'd.
The tenants now with furious praiſe,
Acknowledg'd Lord with three huzzas;
For that they never had, no never,
Heard any mortal talk ſo clever:
Nay further, that each ſoul would walk,
A thouſand miles to hear him talk:
Proteſt they'll be a firm ſupport,
His Lordſhip then adjourned Court.
Proceed we next to things as ſtated,
Or ſubject never yet debated:
No ſooner had the glaſs paſs'd round,
Than Baron did each pocket ſound:

Proteſted

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Proteſted 'twas his chief intent,
Before departure to take rent
In literal ſenſe, they need not doubt it,
Then ſwore he'd not move foot without it,
Now mirth transform'd to duſky gloom,
Profoundeſt ſilence ſeiz'd the room:
Till Saunder ſpoke, my Lord I pray,
What weather is't, then p—ſs'd away;
Next Grub aſk'd leave to go to door,
Stay'd not to p—ſs, return'd no more:
Next Frank declar'd that feaſt and frolick,
Had made him ill, he'd got the cholic,
Not could he ſcarcely croſs the room,
Yet made a ſhift to totter home:
His Lordſhip now appear'd much nettl'd,
As thoſe remaining ſeem'd unſettl'd:
Quoth he it is enough to craze me,
Say Cram who pro Itin're pays me;
Old Nov'rint ſpoke, what ſcrubs are theſe,
Pray who the plague's to pay my fees?

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Ill iſſue judgment in a trice,
I neither value rats or mice;
My fee I'll have by Gad, I'll have it,
There's no occaſion for a cavit,
This gave the Baron utmoſt pain,
He wiſh'd old Snap at home again:
Yet deem'd it prudent to conceal,
What indiſcretion wou'd reveal:
The Lord and Lawyer quit their ſeat,
Into a private room retreat;
Diſcours'd a while then judg'd it better,
To give each tenant Lawyer's letter.
Affairs agreed on thus and ſtated,
His Snapſhip ſcribl'd and dictated,
Proteſted that with law he'd back it,
Diſpatch'd to each th' ungrateful packet;
The tenant Grub alone could read it,
Which terror brought naught could exceed it;
Confeſs'd to Law he was a ſtranger,
They each to each augment the danger;

Away

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Away all poſt with utmoſt hurry,
To Lordſhip, and declare they're ſorry;
And further add that ev'ry one meant,
With all their caſh to make atonement:
Says Snap depoſit each your Quota,
Nor curtalize the leaſt Jota:
The danger's great I'd have you know,
If you infringe on quid pro quo:
Quoth Crambo ceaſe your ſtupid ſtuff.
I want to have the Quantum ſuff:
Obſerve the Baron takes his rents,
Gave Snap and Crambo their contents:
And then proceeds in uſual way,
His ſtriking talents to diſplay.
Condition I will alter ſaid he,
Some thoughts I have to take a Lady,
Does neighbourhood produce an heireſs,
Whom now I might addreſs and careſs?
The like o'that I always ſhew,
My eloquence in Billet doux:

As

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As ſpecimen of my inditing,
They judge of parts by way of writing;
'Tis true my fortune is not great,
Yet honours merit an eſtate.
I ever hold the maxim good,
She muſt give money, I give blood;
The moment I lay lips upon her,
The like o'that I ſay I Don her:
The caſe lies here, or here the caſe is,
Pay no regard to parts or faces;
Ignobly born or how deſcended,
The patron ſterling recommended,
Our dames of old to Gent or Squire;
I might perhaps move ſome ſteps higher;
A hundred thouſand has been ready
To paſs from Ma'am to yes my Lady.
Away then poſts the hundred thouſand,
To clear the mortgage of the houſe and——
I ſaid before, is any fortune,
Near hand that I may go a courting?

There

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Their lives at Hog's-End, Francis ſaid,
A rich old miſer, farmer Glede;
This farmer has an only daughter,
Which divers young men hanker after:
For want of money none obtain her,
I make no doubt but you wou'd gain her:
This compliment made mouth to water,
Says Lord, I greedy to be at her;
A horſe I'll have, 'tis beſt to ride,
With running footman by my ſide:
Says Frank, my horſe, is nation ſafe,
The hobby meaſures twelve and half.
Old Rumbo tho' he's in his ſtones,
I'll hazard all your broken bones:
This leaping Rumbo was much worſe,
Than famous hudibraſtic horſe,
Whoſe ſide approach'd with whip or ſting,
Wou'd not move back, but forward ſpring:
But Rumbo's food was ling or furz,
So us'd to pricks, he ſcorn'd the ſpurs,

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Wou'd ſtand ſtock ſtill, or fall to grazing,
His temper really was amazing:
Old Frank adviſ'd, to reach the place,
To give old Rumbo nat'ral pace:—
Let's now obſerve this mounted Lord,
Equipt—and with his deſp'rate ſword:
Which by inſpection cloſe, was found,
To move within three inch of ground;
The tenant Francis, Baron's friend,
Walk'd on before to ſhew Hog's-End,
To which, when he was nearly come,
Took leave of Lord, returned home.
Obſerve the footman did not ride,
But mov'd obliquely by his ſide:
Slowly, the Lord on ſober Rumbo,
Advanc'd erect, his arms a Kembo;
Diſpatch'd his ſervant on before,
To whiſtle out, or knock at door;
The houſe with vengeance ſeem'd alarm'd,
Old Glede ſteps out with pitch-fork arm'd:

The

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The ſervants ſome with ſpits and pokers,
Man Tim ſuſpected them no joakers:
The ſaucy ſluts with ſtinking mops,
Give him ſome diſmal flirts on chops:
At this reception round he wheels,
Ne'er ſpoke to Lord, but took to heels:
Old Glede obſerv'd the monſter flown,
Sent Towſer after, fetch'd him down,
But leſt the creature ſhou'd be worry'd,
The farmer to aſſiſtance hurry'd,
For Towſer had tore off ſuch fleeces,
The liv'ry was in fifty pieces.
As Lord on Rumbo kept his ſeat,
He aim'd to make a good retreat:
But now the vaſſals preſſing hard,
Surrounded, reconnoiter'd Lord:
Attempt by force to make impreſſion,
Or to ſurrender at diſcretion:
The boors more furious now and ſurley,
Compell'd the Lord to beat a parley;

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What tho', ſay he, 'tis hero's fate,
To treat, or to capitulate,
A ſword I wear, which has a ſheath,
Momento mori, think of death;
The motto's ſo, obſerve me right,
I've not the leaſt intent to fight,
I am a Baron, and ſo forth,
The like o'that of * Littleworth;
My Billet doux I beg you'll read,
It pays reſpect to Miſſy Glede,
Whom I intend to make a Lady,
With your kind approbation—Daddy.
With flaming eyes and furious look,
To this effect the farmer ſpoke:
Thou have my daughter—Devil as ſoon,
Thou have my daughter, thou baboon:
Thou clodpate, have you got the ‡ kelter,
Thou have her, have her, no; a halter.
Where are the teams, the crowded barn,
The ſpacious fields, the ricks of corn,

* The name of his Manor. ‡ Cant name for money.

The

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The ratling gears, the plough, the harrow;
Or pleaſing lines of ridge and furrow;
Thou have Cloddella, where's your kine,
The poultry, ſtraw-yard, thriving ſwine;
With ſix inch bacon, conſtant food,
A mountain rais'd, and piles of wood;
Harmonious keys of threefold cheſt,
To view each day the golden neſt;
On ſuch conditions any mortal
May have Cloddella, her, and her tail.——
With haughty and indignant ſmile,
The Lord ſat muſing for a while;
Till rous'd by honour, ſhame, or pride,
Emphatically thus reply'd.
No teams, no chattels, hay or corn, ſir,
Which only ruſticks do adorn, ſir,
Deſerve my notice, mine is honour,
The which if I confer upon her,
Depend upon't, 'tis my intent,
T'have roundy ſum equivalent:

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The like obſerve me what I ſay,
Shou'd Barons throw themſelves away?
With doubl'd fury Glede replies,
Tho' thrown away, thou acre wiſe;
Thou ſwinethrough, huſky, hinder-end,
Produce the kelter---there's your friend;
Can any be a clever fellow,
Without his bags of white and yellow?
No, I'll uphod you, where's the Spirit?
Where dwells no money, lives no merit;
How oft have I ſeen Worthy paſs me,
With tattar'd coat, the fool can't face me;
Tho' cramb'd with nonſenſe brought from ſchools,
I ſhake my purſe, to fright ſuch fools,
My purſe takes better ſenſe by half,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, it makes me laugh.
Laſt market-day, my Landlord ſaid,
Give up that chair to Mr. Glede.
The ſeat becomes him, it's his dye,
He's worth kelter far than you,

Now

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Now therefore fellow, homeward jog on,
Or by the mow, I'll ſet the dog on;
Tell me of virtue, or how great.
Thou wants the kelter, crime complete!
We'll now preſent this Lord turn'd out,
Of farmer's-yard, with ſtones and ſhout,
Whilſt ſhot unlawful whiz and rattle,
Says Lord I fear to die in battle;
But then how great will be my fall,
The Baron chronological!
To fly more ſwift, the Lord and Tim,
Apply'd to Rumbo every limb:
The Lord with ſword, the man with cudgel,
To ſave their lives, was not to judge ill;
When footman's ſeem'd to fail,
He caught faſt hold on Rumbo's tail;
With this appearance both arrive
At Littleworth, but half alive.
Some ſteps from door, the tenants meet,
Their rightful Lord, their Lord to greet;

Demand

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Demand in haſte, what fatal matter
Had cloth'd poor Tim in ſuch a tatter?
And why his Lordſhip out of breath,
So much reſembl'd ſhade of death:
The Lord reply'd in flattiſh tone,
Poor boy and me, were near undone;
We loſt the road, and I believes,
They were or ſmugglers or thieves!
The facts I'll not enlarge or curtail,
My valour ſhines beyond no mortal.
I fought on horſeback, ne'er diſmounted,
The like o'that, the numbers counted;
Quite thro' the villains cut my way,
(By ratſbane, mind me what I ſay:)
And now what further may be ſaid,
Concerning Miſs and Mr. Glede;
The marriage treaty, as I call't,
Was broke off ſoly, by my fault;
Th' old Gemman begg'd, and Miſſy fainted,
That Gad, my heart almoſt recanted;

Yet

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Yet I was complaiſant and civil,
The caſh was wanting, there's the Devil.
What's here obſerv'd, was ſaid before,
My honour muſt have money ſtore.
When I took leave ſhe fell in fits,
I greatly fear, ſhe's looſe her wits.----
Lord now concludes, his love diſcourſe,
Returns the famous Rumbo horſe:
Confines poor Tim to ſep'rate room,
Leſt blund'ring out the truth might come.
My Lord then took both punch and beer in,
Nearly a pound and better, cheer in;
And then with Nov'rint quits his ſeat,
Into adjoining room retreat:
Immediately the creature Francis,
To Lord's appartment now advances;
Then fawns and ſmiles, and begs their pardon,
His love to both, then preſſes hard on:
Obſerve what 'caus'd his ill behaviour,
Was only to entreat a favour.

The

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The Baron vows and ſwears he'll do't
What cauſe ſoever be the ſuit.
Says Frank, I'm ſorry't ſhou'd be ſpoken;
Your tenant Careful's nearly broken,
'Twou'd give your Lordſhip diſcontent,
To ſee his ſhocking management.
For to diſſemble, lye and flatter,
You know (I hope's) againſt my nature:
My choice, good Lord, if you be willing,
I'll give you more than fifty ſhilling,
In yearly rent, or if you pleaſe
I'll take a ninety-nine year's leaſe;
Yea, further, if I'm not too bold,
I'll buy it, if it may be ſold:
Your good attorney here can draw't,
I'll give him half a piece to do't;
Nay, further, if that ſum won't do,
Here's five old guineas more for you.
Odz—ns ſays Noverint, who wou'd looſe all,
This generous, upright, juſt propoſal

Of

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Of honeſt Francis, by the rolls,
He is the very ſoul of ſouls.
Reply'd the Lord, as one may ſay,
And like o'that, upon the way;
'Tis ſcarcely honeſt is't? I doubt,
To turn my tenant Careful out;
Honeſt, ſays Snap, the d—ſt nonſenſe,
The bugbear of a tim'rous conſcience:
A man may gnaw the honeſt bone,
By Jove, 'till he can't walk alone;
Let no weak ſcruples now prevent it,
My body for't, you'll not repent it;
Think you that brethren of the Laws,
Are always hearty in the cauſe?
In every law-ſuit, ſome are made ones,
Then who the plague, wou'd plead the bad ones,
If ty'd to conſciencious rules,
Of low-liv'd, ſneaking, honeſt fools.
'Twas nothing but a Lawyer's wit,
Belov'd tautology cou'd hit:

The

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The chief deſign of modern law
Is made, to keep our claſs in awe,
Who can with eaſe a tryal ſmother,
But not with eaſe beguile each other.
The Baron gave a ſtrict attention,
To ev'ry ſentence Snap did mention:
Declar'd, he had in fact been told,
That Careful's farm cou'd not be ſold;
Becauſe they ſay't's intail'd upon
Young kinſman Dick, my brother's ſon:
Quoth Snap, let that concern be mine,
I'll ſell the Devil by a fine;
And now I've thrown this witty ſtroke in,
Aha, my Lord, I can't help joaking.
The buſineſs done, from thence they come,
Rejoin their company and room:
The Sycophant near Careful ſeated,
(Not knowing what had been debated)
Now ſhook his hand, declar'd he lov'd him,
In Chriſtian manner as't behov'd him;

Gave

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Gave hints, the Baron was meer tool,
But once remov'd from nat'ral fool;
With innocence old Care replies,
I alſo think my Lord's not wiſe;
Yet that's to me, nor good, or harm,
Provided I enjoy my farm,
With my endeavour and God's bleſſing,
My little flock ſtill keeps increaſing.
I envy none, or riches covet,
If fortune frowns I'll live above it;
Confide in God, learn how to live,
Who equally can take and give.
The villain now, complete impoſtor!
Removes from Careful to his maſter,
Takes him aſide, proteſts he's fearful,
To ſpeak the words, expreſs'd by Careful,
T'affront your Lordſhip, who can bear it,
It ſhockt me nationly to hear it.
Your tenant Careful, by my ſoul,
Abus'd your Honour, call'd you fool:

And

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And that it was his firm belief,
You was some highwayman or thief.
The Baron swears, a just pretence,
To turn him out, 'twill save expence:
But keep it close, with strict observance,
To speak on't now will breed disturbance:
Observe me therefore what you say,
I take you in next Lady-day:
" An honest man, I'm sorry for't,
" Is oftimes ruin'd by report,
" And whilst oppression fills her bags,
" Who dare be honest, starves in rags."
But now as time thus hastes away,
And business finish'd of the day,
I promis'd, tho' your Lord Permount,
Of voy'ge and travels strange account;
But first, my lads, to make all clear,
In Plano I'll project the sphere;
The world's a globe all flat and even,
With lines to sail by six or seven:

Now

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Now let's ſuppoſe this ring may be,
The outward edge of land and ſea:
In which is plac'd each center'd Pole,
The ſky round touching like a bowl.
Theſe two great lines, in fact but one,
Is equinoctial horizon:
Exactly when you've got ſo far,
You're Antipod to Temple Bar:
Theſe are the lines of ſpecial moment,
I'll ſay no more by way of comment;
But haſte to voy'ge, which I'll engage,
Was never par'd in any age:
They'll tell you for example's ſake,
Of my great uncle Francis Drake;
Diſcourſe with equal ſhare of folly,
Of mother's couſin Walter Raleigh;
Or others, which they hap, or chance on
Schoolfellow Damp and meſſmate A——n.
The like—obſerve me what I ſay,
They were all clever in their way:

But

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But Wright and me, by my direction,
Have brought it to this great perfection.
With good ſea ſtock of beef and water,
We from St. Helens took departure;
Upon the N. W. Rumb did ſteer,
Our courſe was for the Iſle Madere.
The firſt five days but gentle gales,
We crowded top and ſtudding ſails,
But juſt at noon, were ſore afraid
Of tempeſt; 'cauſe a fine mermaid
Appear'd to us in beauteous form,
Which always preindicts a ſtorm;
An ivory comb in right hand was,
In left, a fine large Holland glaſs;
Her lovely locks as ſhe did comb,
We heard her ſing "Britons ſtrike home:"
Then rais'd herſelf to th' end of tail,
We plainly ſaw ſhe was a male,
Or what the vulgar call a heder,
'Twas vaſtly clear ſhe was no ſheeder.

She

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She had no ſooner ſaid good by,
Than ſea was rais'd to mountains high,
Our ſhip did nearly touch the ſky;
Then ſunk much lower than a coal-pit,
We thought there'd not be left a whole bit;
And labour'd thus as one may ſay,
From ten at night, to twelve next day;
But ten times worſe than I've related;
At three o'clock the ſtorm abated,
And nothing more of wond'rous ſort
Occur'd till ſafe arriv'd in port.
'Twas here we ſaw the dreadful pike,
Which does with fear ſpectators ſtrike:
It moſt reſembles in all ſhapes,
A mortal bunch of Spaniſh grapes;
It's grown of late ſo diſmal high,
To bore its way quite through the ſky.—
We next weigh'd anchor, ſtood for Greenland,
Within the mighty gulph of Finland;

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So call'd from fins, and monſtrous tails
Of large prodigious ſpouting whales.
'Twas in this ſea, I well remember,
About the twentieth of September;
My firſt Lieutenant Peter Gore,
Attended at my ſtate-room door:
Entreating I'd take obſervation,
As ſun was in Meridian ſtation:
Then ſtarts on deck, takes vaſt of pains,
Then turn'd my back to ſhift the vanes:
And as the ſun did ſplendent ſhine,
I found we were North, ninety-nine.
We then hail'd up for Caſpi'n Sea,
To lade with brandy, rum and tea;
But as I ne'er was there before,
They man'd the yawl, I went on ſhore:
Was quite aſtoniſh'd there to ſee,
The monſtrous crops of Congo tea;
Exactly as our Engliſh hop-yards,
The tea-poles ſtand in Congo crop-yards.

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My ſeamen here from maſt diſcover,
Bold Angria the Sallee Rover;
He got the gage, with utmoſt power,
Bore down upon us ſail and oar:
With boiling blood, and fierce enragement,
Then drew this ſword, for cloſe engagement,
And acted in theſe bloody ſcenes,
As Col'nel of the horſe marines:
None of diſtinction there did die,
Or were much wounded except I:
To cut it ſhort we got the day,
Oblig'd the * Moors to run away;
We now luſt up for Iſle Jamaica,
Where grows the beſt Virginian 'bacco,
The ſun's ſo mortal hot i'th ‡ Inges,
All ſorts of woollen cloth it ſinges:
Nay, really if I'm not miſtaken,
'Twill roaſt an egg and fry the bacon.
But now my lads pray what wou'd ye do,
If ſeen or felt by fiſh Torpedo.

* The hero again out in his geography. ‡ Indies.

At

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At Spaniſh Town Torpedo ſtruck,
Our ſheat, or beſt bow'r anchor fluke;
This numb'd the planks, directly then
The planks that inſtant ſtun'd the men,
The men with their unhealthful breath,
Struck ſtiff ten thouſand flies to death.
We left Jamaica juſt at noon,
At ten next morning fetch'd Gombroon,
According to the weſtern mode,
In Palaquin I went abroad;
A curious ſhade my ſenſe invited,
Palmetto-grove my ſoul delighted;
Whoſe monſt'rous leaves at theſe examples,
Make leather coaches, lead their temples,
Slate for houſes, ſails for ſhipping,
And ſtone troughs too for liquors keeping.
Oft with the * Maybobs I reſorted,
To Sultan's Court, where I was courted;
This monarch's, mother's, brother's daughter,
In love with me came weeping after:

* Naybobs.

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Nor could I have her ſuit withſtood,
But for my King and Cantry's good:
His Highneſs ſaid 'twas monſtrous pity,
I wou'd not ſign the marry'ge treaty,
As Betſy Achmat his relation,
Wou'd run into a deſpairation.
From thence we coaſted the Red Sea,
To call at Wenice in our way;
To take in raff and iron there,
And then huzza for Angliterre.
It ſeems ſays Sly, as tho' your Lordſhip
Had been the ſport of utmoſt hardſhip:
Your voy'ge and travels correſpond,
No mortal yet e'er went beyond
Thoſe fam'd exploits, can aught excel,
The fame that wants a parallel?
Your ſhip was of ſurprizing nature,
Cou'd ſail in air, or land, or water:
Impel'd with ſuch progreſſive pow'r,
To run a thouſand knots per hour.

The

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The Baron here made no reply,
Or paid the leaſt regard to Sly.
Now laſtly, to avoid confuſion,
'Tis nearly time to draw concluſion:
Nor will I by a ſlow procedure,
Fatigue the patience of my reader,
But ſend Coblero home again,
Without direction from my pen.
Where he himſelf does ſtraight unhero,
Addreſs'd as Cob, not Don Coblero.
This Satyr (take my word for pledge)
Is pointed, if it wears an edge,
Againſt the lying, bragging boaſter,
And ev'ry ſpecies of Impoſtor;
Of Adam's race, if every one ſon,
(Yea Butler's greater by F——h J——n)
Held equal rank in art or ſcience,
Than each, to each might bid defiance,
A fainter genius, ſlighter ſcope,
Diſtinguiſh Milton, alſo Pope.

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The ſtars themſelves, we rank, or muſter,
From diff'rent magnitude and luſtre.
Thus leſs or greater we are made,
As ſhade falls on its proper ſhade,
To give compariſon its due,
The meaner I, the greater you.
A ſimile my muſe affords,
Deduc'd from diff'rent flights of birds.
All thoughts ſublime heroic pow'r,
Can with the tow'ring eagle ſoar.
Whilſt ſome content with middle region,
Fly gaily with the rapid pigeon.
Beneath this claſs I'll humbly follow,
And ſkim the plain with lowly ſwallow,
With her retreat for cogent reaſon,
My Muſe is in her dormant ſeaſon.

FINIS.

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